

## Nyotaika Curse

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# **Nyotaika Curse**

by [Hasegawa](#)

## Summary

Warning : PWP. Minimal Plot. Multiple chapter.

Izuku was cursed when he went on patrol, turning into a woman version of himself.

The only way to turn her back was to have a threesome. Katsuki and Shouto volunteered.

That's it, that's the plot.

## Notes

If you are underage, please leave now.

THIS IS PURE PORN, and I will indulge myself in all my kinks.

YOU have been WARNED.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Chapter 1

## Izuku's POV

Sometimes Izuku wondered what he did in his past life to have so much bad luck in his current one.

For one, he was quirkless and was bullied mercilessly because of it. Kacchan, who used to be his best friend, became his main bully even when they became classmates in UA. Next, his father left their family for good, never showing up or calling them ever again; except for the occasional cheques sent over the decade. Aside from it, he was built like broccoli--thick green bushy hair, freckled fair skin and huge green eyes, making him unsuitable for the society's manly standard.

He knew how to be grateful though. For his mother, for All Might, for One for All, for all his amazing UA classmates and friends. So he always tried to see the bright side of things and accepted things as they come, preferring to find a solution rather than weeping over spilled milk.

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Yet times and times again, his bad luck came knocking following Murphy's Law.

Izuku was interning under (a reformed) Endeavor with Shouto and Katsuki for their graduating requirement when it happened.

A man with Scissors Quirk (he could turn his index and middle fingers into a pair of scissors. Just a random quirk, which he used to cut open his victim's clothes) almost raped a woman in the darkened alley. Luckily Izuku heard her scream and quickly ran to help. Shouto froze the man and Katsuki blasted him at the same time, rendering the man frozen by his leg with a burnt face. On the side, Izuku came gently to the woman and took his own hoodie (the night was chill, so he wore a hoodie outside his hero uniform) to cover her ruined top.

The man screamed and cursed, calling them names. He looked desperate because he was caught, and in his hour of desperation, belittled the woman he abused, calling her a stupid, ugly bitch who needs to submit to a superior man and take her place as a cumdump happily. Izuku noticed that by the context, the man and the woman were actually probably a fighting couple.

The woman, who was still in shock, turned with hatred and suddenly cursed, “I wish you knew how it feels to be a helpless woman and be a cumdump yourself!”. The curse should be nothing but general spite if it was from any normal human. However, this woman’s quirk was ‘Curse’, which allowed her curse to be realised on the person she was touching at the moment of the curse. So her hand on Izuku’s arm darkened and Izuku felt something zap him like a low voltage electric shock.

The woman gasped and paled. “I am so sorry!”

Izuku smiled reassuringly because he didn’t know he was successfully cursed at that point, “It’s alright, Ma’am. It’s normal to express your emotions under duress.”

“No, you don’t understand!” She wailed. Izuku blinked.

On the other side, the man started laughing like crazy, irritating Katsuki. “Shut up!”

“HAHAHA! No, you did it again, stupid woman! You can’t even control your own quirk!”

“What do you mean?” Shoto carefully asked.

“I... My quirk is “Curse” and it allowed me to curse whomever I touched when I muttered the curse. It only happens once out of ten times I curse, quite random, so I... I often forget about it. But I cursed you just now, Hero-san and I am so sorry!”

Izuku blinked and looked down, only to realise that his pecs had turned into a set of two mountains. It wasn’t very clear because it was at night and the alley was dark, but Izuku

knew his body had changed. His uniform had loosened (except around his chests and hips) and his gloves felt three sizes too big.

“Can you undo it?” Izuku tried to maintain his (or her?) calm.

“I am sorry, I don’t know how.” She sobbed and stopped touching his (her) arm. “The curse will end when it fulfills the conditions.”

“What are the conditions?” Katsuki growled.

“...” She looked confused. “I... What did I say? The curse contains the conditions within its sentence.”

“I believed you said, *“I wish you knew how it feels to be a helpless woman and be a cumdump yourself!”* word for word,” Shouto said and silence fell.

Izuku wondered whether his bad luck was drunk that night.

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They submitted the man and the woman to the nearest police centre. Actually, Katsuki and Shouto did it while Izuku hid outside because she didn’t want to create a whole lot of awkward questions. Izuku offered to return to her home in Musutafu first while they continued to patrol, but both Katsuki and Shouto refused to let her be by her own. They couldn’t go back to UA dorm as well, as it was too far.

Izuku sat on the public bench and wondered. There were two conditions. To be a helpless woman, and a ... *cumdump* . It made her blush. She was a virgin. She never kissed anyone before, let alone have sex. She knew the feeling of helplessness, with her history of being bullied throughout junior high, and she didn’t like it. It has been years since she felt helpless, because One for All and her analysis usually saved the day, in exchange for her broken bones.

Izuku squirmed. The boxer brief she wore felt a little uncomfortable, coarse material rubbing on her mound. Her uniform felt too tight on her chest, and showing clearly the outline of her breasts (they were huge! Almost as huge as Midnight sensei's!) and her nipples. Luckily the night was dark, so it wasn't really obvious. But the spandex material rubbed on her nipples and skin, irritating her chest. Her opened gloves were by her side, as she observed her now smaller hands. Her scars were still there, though, at least that ensured her that it was not an alien body but her own skin she was wearing.

Shouto came over and sat beside her, silently asking how she was. Izuku smiled weakly and put on her gloves back, before accidentally brushing off the oversize gloves on her nipples.

“*Nnh !*” She moaned softly, but in the silence of the night, she might as well have moaned with a loudspeaker.

The moment was lost when an explosion happened and Katsuki was on her other side immediately. “What did you do, Half n Half!?”

“I did nothing.” Shouto calmly answered, but he quickly shoved Izuku’s hoodie (the woman returned it to Shouto in the Police Center after they gave her a shock blanket). Izuku gratefully received it and decided to hide her blush but quickly wearing his old hoodie.

“It’s nothing, Kacchan. I was the one who slipped.” She explained, voice a few pitches higher and softer. She was rather self-conscious now, especially with her new more sensitive body.

“Damn Deku. Let’s get back to your place.”

“You don’t need to… I can go back by myself!” She tried to reason with him. “There are still a few hours left on our patrol and…”

“I will inform the agency. They won’t mind.” Shouto cut her. “This is an emergency.”

“Yeah, Deku. Just go home.” Katsuki growled, but without much heat.

She was embarrassed but ended up taking the offer in silence. And the walk home was mortifying. She was a bit clumsy with her feet and almost fell onto the pathway, but two hands immediately grabbed her before she fell. Shoto grabbed her waist from the back, while Katsuki caught her by her chest. She blushed and almost whimpered because Katsuki’s muscular arm was directly pushing against her chest. His palm was touching her one boob as well. And her nipple was just right between his fingers.

Both Katsuki and Izuku froze, before sputtering awkwardly.

Izuku knew that the three of them were not sexually experienced. She knew Kacchan focused on training more than he focused on human relationships of any kind. Based on what he observed throughout history (she has one volume of hero notebook for the future dedicated to Kacchan alone, from his quirk to his spice preference), Kacchan never had a girlfriend or a boyfriend. On the other spectrum, there was Shouto, the embodiment of social awkwardness. He was even more emotionally stunted than Kacchan, although he showed it by being silent instead of being explosive like Katsuki. Izuku seemed to be one of his first social links and has stuck by izuku ever since.

Katsuki growled and Izuku swore she could see a telltale of a blush. Then she realised Shouto’s arm was still circling her now smaller waist, hand warm because he was using his firey side.

Izuku turned to his friend, who kept his stoic face while staring closely at Izuku.

“Let her go, Half n Half!” Katsuki growled.

“No. She might fall again.”

Izuku sneezed.

“And she is cold.” Shouto added, conveniently.

“Haaa!? What kind of bullshit is that?” The blond growled again, but he also walked closer to Izuku. So she has both of them walking very close, almost too close to be true. And it became very warm, because not only Shouto was literally fire and Katsuki always ran hot, Deku felt his own body heated up from all the embarrassment.

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Izuku whimpered. Who did she kill in her last life that endowed her this kind of fuck up luck?

### **Shouto’s POV**

After further discussion (filled with explosions and blushing cheeks), it was decided that they would go to Shouto’s place instead. One, it was the nearest place. Two. Shouto has the biggest (Japanese-style) house amongst all three (thanks to Endeavor Money). Three, Shouto’s house has multiple toilets and a big ofuro. Lastly, Shouto has more than enough spare futons.

Thanks Kami Fuyumi wasn’t home, nor Endeavor, so they quickly settled. Shouto lent Fuyumi’s clothes to Izuku for change, while Bakugou helped himself in the kitchen making tea and some snacks. Shouto sat on the seiza pillow, waiting for his guests to settle.

Izuku came out from the bathroom looking flushed, softer and prominently *female*. His--her-usual muscular body has shrunk considerably into soft curvatures and generous mounds. Fuyumi’s nightdress fell nicely around her body, and strangely made her fidgety (and Shouto tingly). Her wet hair was still bushy and thick, but it was down and curly instead of resembling a broccoli head. Her freckles were more prominent, and her big eyes became even bigger in her less angular face. Her thick thighs were slimmer and shapely, with less muscular definition. Her face was flushed red and she refused to stare at their eyes.

“Are you alright, Izuku?” Shouto asked with concern. Only people closest to him could read the concern though, due to his flat tone and facial expression delivery.

His friend nodded slightly before sitting down. Shouto blinked and realised that he made a mistake.

One, Fuyumi's nightdress was actually soft thin, white breathable cotton with a bit of lace and fading penguin pattern. That means, it was sheer enough to see what it covered. The dark pink points on her chest were very, very prominent.

Two, Shouto didn't lend Izuku Fuyumi's bras or panties for hygiene reasons (and he was scared Fuyumi would punch him if he did), so basically Izuku wore nothing but the sheer dress.

Three, the nightdress was actually quite short, because apparently Shouto wasn't aware that it was a two piece nightdress (with three quarter pants) and only gave Izuku the top. So when Izuku sat, it almost just barely covered her upper thighs when she sat seiza on the floor with him. Let alone her very well defined bums.

It was very *disastrating*.

Bakugou came out from the kitchen bringing a tray with teapot, teacups and a plate of sliced fruit but almost dropped it when he saw Izuku.

“... Have you got nothing else to wear, Deku?” he growled, but this time it sounded strangely strangled.

Izuku just blushed and tried to make herself smaller. Shouto felt a bit annoyed at the blond for making her uncomfortable.

The explosive hero sat on the other end of the table, crossing his legs and started to distribute the tea. Shouto nodded in thanks and passed on Izuku's to her. They sat in silence for two minutes (Shouto was internally counting) before finally the more talkative members of their current group started.

“Fine. What should we do now?” Katsuki huffed. “Deku, you decide. It’s your thing anyway.”

“Ri..right, Kacchan.” Izuku mumbled. “Well… the lady said this curse won’t go away until the conditions are met, which are … helpless and … uhm… *cumdump*.” Izuku blushed prettily. Shouto felt his chest tightened. “… which means I need to be in a helpless situation and… uh… ingest… a copious amount of … uhm… male… uhm…”

“Male sperm.” Shouto tried to help her, and she squeaked, getting even redder.

None of them continued, so Shouto took a sip from his cup. The tea was surprisingly nice, Bakugou seemed to be good in the kitchen.

“… Ri..right.” Izuku mumbled again. “That kind of situation means I don’t have control, which can be emulated through… being tied, or being under someone else’s mercy. And the term cu…cu… well, that term means a lot of volumes, which means I need to get help from more than o..one person.”

Shouto stopped thinking.

“I volunteer,” he said at the same time Bakugou snapped. “Chh! Alright, Deku.”

All of them stopped for a moment before blushing together. Shouto felt something in his stomach stirred up and his cock twitched.

“…Thank you, you two.” Izuku whimpered in shame? Relief? Happiness? Shouto couldn’t tell.

“… So when shall we start?” Bakugou asked, face a bit red.

“Preferably soon, because Fuyumi will be back tomorrow morning,” Shouto answered. “Tonight we will be the only one in the house. Father won’t be back till next week. Natsuo stayed in his university dorm. And we have patrol tomorrow too.”

“A..Ah.” Izuku nodded slowly. “Alright. Uhm… I… I am sorry for troubling you, both of you.”

Shouto squished the sudden urge to kiss Izuku. … Where did that come from?

“And thank you for the tea, Kacchan.” Izuku smiled prettily. “You remember how I like it.”

It somehow gave Shouto a bad taste in his mouth. But he was nothing but a graceful host, so he offered Izuku another cup. Izuku nodded, probably trying to keep himself from being too nervous, but then the accident happened. Shouto poured and Izuku pushed her cup a bit to the left and the tea spilled onto the table. Bakugou snapped and nudged the table, making the cup spill onto Izuku and hot tea wetted Izuku’s chest.

“Ahn!” Izuku cried a bit from the surprise and the heat. Shouto felt his stomach filled with something burning, like his fire. The first thing he remembered was the hot water spilling on his face, but Shouto knew the tea wasn’t as hot as the boiling water. It has been cooled down by time and the cold night temperature.

There was a huge wet patch on Izuku’s chest, making the sheer material clung onto the skin and the whole mounts clear. Izuku’s… nipples were prominent and wet, pinkish, looking very cute, *tempting*. Shouto swallowed hard. Why does it make his cock hard?

It was true that he was not very used to female bodies, but he’d seen plenty. Some of their classmates’ hero costumes and their teachers showed nothing left to imagination after all. And Shouto has never felt this heated before because of seeing a nipple.

“My apology.” he said hoarsely and got some tissue to absorb some of the wetness from Izuku’s chest, but he accidentally patted Izuku’s nipple instead and pushed it.

“Ah-haaa” Izuku moaned, differently this time, her body trembled a bit. “So..sorry.” she caught herself from being more embarrassing and apologised. Shouto blushed because his fingers brushed very, very soft parts and he wanted to know more.

“Stupid half n Half.” Bakugou cursed and grabbed a towel to wipe the table. Izuku grabbed the offered tissue from Shouto and wiped it on her chest. It felt strangely erotic to Shouto, watching Izuku tapping the tissue on her own huge chests. Izuku seemed to realise how see-through the wet patches made her dress, so she covered her chest with her arms. However, in Shouto’s humble opinion, it made her chests more prominent.

“Uhm... Shall ... Shall we move to the bedroom then?” Izuku squeaked, face very, very red.

“Right.” Shouto nodded and raised up, then offered Izuku a hand. His best friend smiled in thanks and accepted the offer, then raised to stand as well. Bakugou followed them too, and so Shouto led them to his bedroom.

His head was calm but there was this one voice whispering to bring her in his arms, princess style. Shouto refused to listen and walked stiffly towards his room.

Maybe if Bakugou wasn’t there, he would. But Bakugou was there, and he would make a lot of troublesome fuss. So he should let Izuku walk herself into his home. Oh. Fuyumi once told him that he should have to princess-carry his future wife into their home for the first time. Maybe that was what the voice was trying to tell Shouto.

So he laid down the futons, three of them side by side to make a wider area. Izuku sat in the middle, pulling her short skirt to cover more of her thighs but accidentally made her naked bum clear for the other two boys to see. Shouto saw Bakugou watch her bum in trance for a moment before realising Shouto’s stare and huffed.

“Uhm... I am under your care.” Izuku said gently and bowed. “Please...please be gentle with me.”

Shouto nodded and opened his hero costume, dressing down to his boxer brief. Bakugou did the same and they were mostly as naked as Izuku now. Shouto nodded to Bakugou and sat beside Izuku, before taking her face and kissed her cheek.

“Is this alright?” Shouto whispered. Because no matter what, he needed to have consent from Izuku before doing anything.

Izuku nodded quickly, so Shouto kissed her nose next.

“..Can I kiss you?” Shouto asked again. Izuku was silent for a moment before closing her eyes and nodded.

It was his very first kiss. The kiss was chaste, it was lips to lips only. Feeling a bit bland, Shouto decided to make it even better by licking Izuku’s mouth, coaxing it to open. Izuku slowly opened his mouth and it was all the permission Shouto needed to deepen the kiss using his tongue.

Izuku tasted like tea and sweet and Izuku. Her scent was a softer, sweeter scent than what Shouto was used to whenever they changed clothes together in the locker room. Izuku seemed to have a special alluring scent every time he took off his clothes, which Shouto noticed very much. But the taste of her lips was way better and way, way wetter.

Izuku suddenly moaned into Shouto’s mouth. Shouto blinked and realised Bakugou, refusing to be ignored, assaulted Izuku’s neck and licked there. Izuku seemed to be ticklish and squirmed, but there was not much room in between Shouto and Bakugou’s bulk. Shouto grabbed her hand on his side, and Bakugou seemed to hold the other hand too. She was basically locked between them.

Shouto released her from the kiss and took her neck while Bakugou took her lips. Shouto kissed every patch of skin and every scar he could see on her neck and shoulder. He then started to slowly caress her arm, and then put his mouth lower.

Her mound was so soft. It was like the Japanese jiggly cake, softer and as jiggly. Shouto kiss every inch of that skin, enjoying the softness.

“Hnnn!” Izuku gasped, releasing Bakugou from their kiss. Shouto felt smug that he enticed that voice from Izuku, and it encouraged him to do more. So he licked her boob, before kissing the top of her nipple.

“Nnnaaa!” Izuku’s body seemed to tightened and her well-defined stomach contracted. Shouto was too focused on the nipple to realise it, as he licked the little nub that has been making his stomach burn since the tea accident. The little nub, darkened and stiff, seemed nice to suck, and so he did. He sucked it and licked the top of it. “Nnnn!” Izuku’s moan sounded like heaven on his ears.

Shouto then realised he hadn’t asked for permission. “Ah. my apology. Can I do that?”

Izuku looked glazed and bit her lower lips. “..yes, please.”

So Shouto returned to his previous task, and played with the little nub to his heart content, while hand grasping the boob side and gently caressed every part of Izuku’s muscly stomach to his heart’s content.

# Chapter 2

## Chapter Summary

The saga of three virgins continued.

Kacchan's POV. then Izuku's.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Katsuki felt irritated as he heard the Half n Half asking for permission. The sick son of an asshole dared to suck his Deku's nipple. Katsuki knew he must have a mother complex of some sort, sucking Deku's ample boobs like a baby. Also, what's with the asking for permission? Didn't he remember that the condition was for Deku to feel helpless!?

Also, Katsuki didn't need Half n Half help to satisfy Deku. Deku was his, his childhood friend, his mate.

He growled loudly, expressing his irritation out loud, but deku's green eyes turned to him with understanding. The green eyed minx pushed closer to Katsuki, soft tongue shyly licking Katsuki's lips, asking for another kiss. Katsuki spent years being confused by his attraction to the broccoli nerd, because they were both male. But now, Deku is female, and Katsuki has no room to be confused anymore. All he wanted was to make Deku his.

Huh. What kind of mate would Katsuki be if he didn't give Deku what he wanted?

So he opened his mouth and let her in, then played his own tongue to dominate the nerd. She tasted warm and sweet and so Deku, wet and responsive. Their tongues played together and Katsuki teased the nerd until she closed her eyes in enjoyment. Soon the nerd drooled on.

“Kaac..!” She whisper-moaned and the sound triggered something inside Katsuki.

Without realizing it, Katsuki has his hand on Deku's breast; the one on his side. Soft and warm, shaped just right on his palm. He uncharacteristically squeezed it as gentle as he could and it made the nerd shivered.

"Don't need to be gentle, Kacchan." Izuku whispered shyly as she put her face onto Katsuki's neck. Katsuki felt his own face heated up, then decided to focus on his hand instead of enjoying Deku's soft skin on his shoulder junction.

He flicked the nipple like how the actors in porn. Shitty Hair shared to him a video once, it was a porn about a Hero and his girlfriend. Katsuki watched it out of curiosity, but of course he only watched it once because he has no time for things outside being a hero. Anyway, the hero in the porn came back from work and was welcomed by his half-naked wife, only covered by a single pink apron, seducing her husband to fuck her raw on the engawa floor. The ending scene burned into Katsuki's memory because of how sweet their kisses were when they came together, body joined like a husband and wife should.

An image he was trying to emulate with Deku now.

The way Deku shivered reminded him of the wife, shivering from pleasure as the hero husband played with her stiff nipples. He felt his throat tightened as he pinched the nipple hard.

"Ah!" Deku hissed, in pain and pleasure.

"Be gentle, will you?" Half n Half's scolding returned Katsuki from his own thoughts. Yeah, he was doing this not because Deku was his wife, but because Deku needed this. And Katsuki was sharing Deku with Half n Half bastard. Ugh.

"Haa!?" Katsuki snarled at him, squeezing Deku's boob in the process. "I do what I want!"

"It's alright, Shouto." Deku smiled deprecatingly, touching the asshole. Katsuki's chest burned with jealousy from it. "I am fine. I am yours tonight."

Tcch!

Katsuki forced another kiss on Deku, sealing her lips shut. Focus on him, damn it! Forget Half n Half, just focus on Katsuki. He would make her experience the best pleasure ever, so she would be his forever. His hand roamed Deku's body, soft and curvy at all the right angles, littered with scars and burnt marks, but that was what made her beautiful.

(Katsuki regretted all the scars and burns he caused her, everyday).

He moved Deku slightly so he sat behind her, and shitty Half n Half moved with them as well. Katsuki let Deku's pliant body lean on his chest, warm and soft. He buried his nose on her hair, thick and scented like pine and wood. A weird scent for a woman, but just right for Deku.

Katsuki carried both of her boobs, squeezing it softly while kissing her neck, eager to leave marks on her skin. Deku shivered everytime Katsuki stopped sucking her neck, making him feel so good too. Her soft moans filled the room.

Katsuki slipped his arms around her middle, wishing this would be a permanent change. The thought of impregnating her made his dick stand up, eager to do what its intended purpose was.

Deku moaned loudly this time, and Katsuki saw how Half n Half was already between her legs, kissing her mound and thin pubes with dedication he usually only shown in beating the challenge his deadbeat father gave. Deku's whole body shivered with pleasure, flushing red and starting to sweat. Her scent filled the room, and it started to smell like a mixture of sweet sex and burnt scent from Half n Half.

“n..No! There... Oh it's... don't suck...! Shouto!!!”

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Never in her wildest dream Izuku had something like this. Kacchan on her back, playing with her body and marking her like she was his beloved, while Shouto kissing the hell out of her legs, and everything between it.

The sensation filled her with dizziness, too much pleasure and she was quite sensitive. She was a virgin, never letting anyone touch her or touching the area herself except for the quick wank in the morning every time her wet dream let her with morning wood. Now though, she was being touched practically everywhere--Kacchan's surprisingly soft palms under her breasts, squeezing and playing with her nipples; pinching and pulling and making her body respond like never before. She tried to keep her moan to the minimum, because she didn't want to be branded as a whore in front of her two best friends. But it was getting harder and harder, especially with every minute both her friends found something new of her body to touch, to play with.

Shouto's lips clamping on her clit made her lose control for a moment. Her mind went blank and she shivered, from being sensitive. It was such a new sensation. Pleasure travelled all over her, and she grabbed the nearest thing to hold on. Kacchan's pulsing hot arms were there, strong and steady.

“n..No! There... Oh it's... don't suck...! Shouto!!!”

But it seemed her moan made Shouto happy, because her friend continued licking and sucking on that sensitive nub again and again. Her legs were ford open by the broad shoulder, and she was shaking. Her hip twitched and she could feel slick started coming out of her hole. Shouto's lips felt so ticklish.

Suddenly Kacchan stuck out his arms and touched her pubes area.

“Move over, half n Half,” he growled, while his hand spreads her folds.

Izuku felt her body blushed from embarrassment.

Shouto stopped licking her, watching as Kacchan's fingers flicked her clit up and down, circling around the folds and inserting them into her vagina. Izuku almost screamed from the new intruding sensation, but she kept herself down by biting into Kacchan's shirt. The fingers inside her started to explore, touching her silky and sticky walls. She felt herself twitching, her inner muscles clamping on the fingers, as if asking for more.

Then suddenly another finger joined into her, this time a bit colder than Kacchan's. Izuku looked down to see Shouto's finger inside her as well, joining Kacchan's assault. Three fingers inside her, one especially cold and pushing in deeper than the others. Izuku felt tears pooling on her eyes, and she looked up to see Kacchan's intense stare at her.

“Let it out, Deku. Nobody's gonna hear you but us.”

Izuku nodded and let her moan out loud.

#### Chapter End Notes

Next stop, penetration \*cough\*

# Chapter 3

## Chapter Summary

Izuku lost her hymen.

Penetration, folks!

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Izuku's inside was hot and silky. Shouto found himself blushing as he rubbed his finger, trying to insert it deeper into Izuku's. The shape was fascinating, pretty in deep pink colour with soft green hairs around the mound. The little clitoris peeking shyly from the folds; twitching and sensitive. Shouto circled it with his other hand, remembering the slight salty taste and Izuku's scent when he sucked it.

“Hhnn!”

His penis twitched in interest. It was very new for him. Izuku's was something he had never seen before. His sister has told him about birds and bees, giving some vague instructions about how to copulate. She emphasised on consent. And Izuku has given her consent, right? Did that mean Shouto could put his dick inside Izuku's folds?

He pulled down the last of his garment, momentarily letting go of Izuku's body. Izuku's flushed cheek and half lidded eyes looked very, very enticing in a new way Shouto never felt before. Her hair was unkempt, sticking to her sweaty skin. Scars and freckles littered her body, but it made her look even more special. She looked so beautiful. If only there is no Bakugou sitting behind her, pushing his tongue down her throat, it would be more perfect.

Nevertheless, Shouto was ready to do what he was supposed to do. He tugged on his dick, pulling the skin down, lubricating himself with his pre-cum. His dick stood proud, long and slim, twitching ready to go. He rubbed the head just like how he usually did, and then directed it right in front of Izuku's hole.

“... May I?” Shouto asked softly.

Izuku blinked and nodded. Meanwhile Bakugou growled, but he seemed to be alright with it too.

So Shouto pushed in, slowly. It was hard. Izuku was tight and small, hot and slippery to his sensitive shaft. But he pushed through, inserting his penis inch by inch. Izuku closed her eyes and grabbed Bakugou’s arms tighter, waiting for the breach impact. Then Shouto felt his dick touch a barrier that prevented him from getting deeper, not even a quarter of his length deep.

It made him stop, before taking Izuku’s legs and spreading them even wider. He pulled back a bit, positioning himself in front of her and inserted himself again, this time one forceful push to insert himself fully.

“!” Izuku screamed breathlessly, and the slow trickle of something filled her hole. Shouto pulled out slowly, to find his dick covered with blood.

“...Ah. This is my first time. I guess.” Izuku blushed so red, her freckles became lost in the rosy hue.

Shouto felt humbled. “Thank you.” He smiled. “Thank you for giving me your first.”

“Shut up, Half n’ Half!” Bakugou exploded, “Damn you!” he pulled Izuku away from Shouto, making his dick almost slip out of her. Shouto didn’t want to let her go, so he instinctively followed her body and pulled her hips to stay joined with his. This made him stumble onto Izuku, who reclined her whole body on Bakugou’s. And so the three of them ended up like a sandwich, Bakugou on the bottom, Izuku on him, and Shouto above her. Her legs were wide open with Shouto still inside her.

Shouto pushed himself with his arms and slipped out so that he wouldn’t squash Izuku down. Izuku looked mortified, hair unkempt and face super red, eyes glassy and hands trying to grab the sheets in order to anchor herself. Bakugou looked red as well, but his arms were on her stomach, circling her as if to keep her from moving.

Shouto looked down and saw Izuku *and* Bakugou's eyes looking at him.

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Oh, this was not bad either. But he knew they needed to coordinate, otherwise it would be hard to come, let alone making Izuku as a cumdump.

“Ahn! Ahhh...! Sho... Please!”

Izuku was mortified about her own screams and desperate pleas. She felt rather helpless now, body weak and trembling from pleasure. Shouto and Kacchan seemed to reach an agreement, with Kacchan keeping her body directly on top of his. She was heavy, but Kacchan didn't seem to mind. Kacchan's pecs felt so warm and tingly on her bare back. His arms were around her, hands cupping her breasts with firm squeeze and pinches.

Meanwhile Shouto thrusted in and out of her, rhythm slow but sure. The friction was new -- she never had that before, and probably wouldn't ever have if she didn't get cursed by the lady-- and very pleasant. Pleasurable. The foreign thing (she knew it was a dick, she had one before) felt like a silk covered stiff rod. Whenever it moved, it gave frictions and pressures on parts of her insides that was, for the lack of better word, novel.

When her hymen was pierced before, Izuku noticed the pain. Her pain threshold was high, so it felt like a pin prick, but her hips hadn't stopped twitching ever since. Now, the pain barely register, while the friction built a new feeling of pleasure on her chest. She felt herself become wetter as well. And the more Shouto pushed in, the better it felt. Her moan grew in volume, before suddenly Shouto pushed her legs onto her chest and plunged even deeper. It was painful and embarrassing, since she could feel Shouto's warm, sweaty hip on her rump.

“Ohhhh!” Izuku screamed again, and the continuous lewd voice kept coming out of her.

With the increasing vigor Shouto pushed himself into her, Izuku grabbed the sheet awkwardly, to keep herself still. Kacchan's arms around her tightened as well, and she

unconsciously stiffened her bottom. Her inside muscles squeezed tight, making Shouto moan before trembling. Izuku felt Shouto come inside her, before becoming limp and slipped out.

Izuku believed she hadn't reached her climax yet, but she was almost there. Another harsh pinch on her nipple and Kacchan nip on her neck helped. The next moment, she felt herself come, trembling and screaming from a peak of pleasure. Her vagina squeezed out the stuff Shouto left inside her, slowly trickling down her arse. She almost couldn't scream, eyes closed and body just felt like an endless shock of pleasure.

"It's my turn now." Kacchan told them hoarsely, pulling himself and Izuku up to a sitting position. Izuku was still weak from her climax when she felt Kacchan's strong hands pull her legs up, positioning her hole right on top of another hard dick. She looked down and saw Kacchan's dick. Being his childhood friends, she had glimpses of it along the years, but it couldn't prepare her for this moment. Kacchan has grown (she almost wanted to pull out her notes, just out of habit) very *thick*. He wasn't as long as Shouto, but he was definitely double the girth.

Uhm.

Before Izuku could think further, Kacchan grabbed his dick and positioned it below her. With one swoop, it entered her. She screamed, feeling oversensitive and with the sudden force that pushed her whole upper body up. They adjusted their position for a bit, before finally found the most comfortable position. Kacchan then started to push in and out of her. It felt bigger and touching different parts of her that Shouto didn't. Probably because of the position. While Shouto reached deep inside her, Kacchan wrecked her walls with his girth. She trembled again, hand reaching to something, just to find Shouto's hand grabbing hers.

Kacchan's thrusts were more forceful than Shouto's. His breath also directly filled her ear, making her skin goosebumps. She found herself moaning softly, grabbing Shouto's hand, surrendering her whole body to Kacchan. This time she screamed from climax first, and her stiffening walls clamped on Kacchan, bringing him over too.

She felt him spurted inside her before limping out of her. Oh, she felt weird now. There was something inside her, a cocktail of Shouto and Kacchan and her own slick. It trickled out of her. She went limp and surrendered to the body around her. She looked up to see Shouto's hand, some puppy eyes, before letting her friend catch her lips. Soft and warm and

delightfully Shouto. Then she felt Kacchan kissing her neck side, nibbling it as if she was delicious.

Uhm. Maybe she was cursed, but being like this wasn't too bad too.

## Chapter End Notes

Next stop : Double penetration, M/F/M.

I want to add pregnancy scare hahaha. Maybe Izuku needs more than 1 session to turn back :P ?

## End Notes

Next Stop: Bakugou's POV. they won't be virgin trio anymore.

(Shouto has lactation kink, LOL.)

Share your kink with me and I might add. Ciaooo.

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